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My topic

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It is May 17th, and I am at the camp for mathematicians, the place where national team is formed. Huge plumy clouds are drifting above me, resembling fluffy snow-white lambs, cover the sun. I am lying on emerald lawn next to a sight says, “Walking on the lawn is forbidden.” However, I am not walking on lawn, I am lying on it so I don’t break a rule. I am feeling reproachful stares of passers; they see tall, thin, sixteen years old guy carelessly lying on the grass. However, this image is misleading. I am not careless, I have troubles but I don’t want to solve them; I just wanted to escape from them. However, I don’t have strength to rise from the ground. Suddenly I hear the rustle of grass; I know that there is only one person except me who would walk on the lawn. His name is Burhan, my mathematics instructor, tall man with athletic complexion; he looks more like professional athlete but when people first time look to his eyes, they understand that he is very wise person and his soul is much older than people think. I whispered, "I want to go home. Did you buy a ticket? If you didn’t, I would buy it myself and go home.” I am expecting to hear familiar strict voice of my teacher but the voice I hear is different, it is his voice but it sounds indulgent, “No, I didn’t. I asked juries to reconsider their decision not to include you in a team. Also, I don’t think that you can buy a ticket without it,” says Burhan with sly voice. I look at him and see my passport in his right hand. His complacent view annoys me and I recognize that this person will not stop fighting for me, even if I had already stopped. The rest of day I spend lying on grass. The sky is dotted by millions of bright stars, I am rising from ground and go to my room.

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Next morning, I am opening open my eyes, everything is hazy but I can see a guy wearing strange clothes. I recognize team’s uniform: blindingly white classical pants, blue jacket with golden national patterns on collar. “Get up, we are moving after twenty minutes,” says young man, now I recognize him, he is a captain of our national team. I raise and see team’s uniform hanging in my cabinet. On the top shelf of cabinet I find my passport and envelope. The inscription on the envelope is written by very familiar, horrible handwriting, “Still want to go home?”